MILLICENT LIBRARY,

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

DEDICATION.

1893.

DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

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FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

JANUARY 30, 1893.

E. Anthony & Sons, Incorp.,
Printers,
New Bedford, Mass.

THE MILLICENT LIBRARY

Was founded and given to the town of Fairhaven by Mrs. Wm. E. Benjamin, Mrs. Bradford F. Duff, Mary H. Rogers and H. H. Rogers, Jr., children of H. H. and Abbie P. Rogers of New York, as a memorial to their deceased sister, Millicent G. Rogers. The land on which the library stands was acquired in the fall of 1890, and the work of construction began June 21, 1891. The corner stone was laid September 21 of the same year. The building was finished and ready for occupancy on January 30, 1893, on which day the dedicatory exercises were held.

The plan of the Library while apparently somewhat irregular, is nevertheless based upon a symmetrical motive, being that of a cross, the reading rooms, entrance hall and stack room forming that exact figure, the porch, librarian's and trustees' rooms filling in three of its inner angles and giving variety of outline and opportunity for the picturesque treatment which characterizes the exterior.

The entrance at the ~~southwest~~ north corner approached from the adjoining streets by broad granolithic walks, forms a very conspicuous feature with its ample flights of granite steps, the clustered columns with carved capitals, surmounted by semicircular arches, and its mosaic floor. From this the principal doorway opens into a vestibule, the walls and floors of which are constructed entirely of tiles of harmonious colors, those on the floor of French flint manufacture and the wall tiles the production of a newly established American industry. An enriched frieze of the same highly glazed material completes the wall decoration.

A feature of the vestibule is the stained glass window screen between it and the reading room adjoining; a treatment of oak columns and arches filled in with leaded glass in exquisite but low tones of color and of exceeding richness and graceful outlines. A bronze tablet having the following inscription

"This library was founded in loving remembrance of Millicent Gifford Rogers by her brother and sisters,

ANNE ENGLE BENJAMIN,
CARA ROGERS DUFF,
MARY HUTTLESTON ROGERS,
HENRY HUTTLESTON ROGERS, JR.,"

is to be set in the wall over the vestibule doors.

Heavy doors of oak open from this vestibule into a hall or ante-chamber of the public reading room, a space rectangular in shape about fifteen feet in width, decorated upon one side with niches for statuary and upon the outer wall filled with the great stained glass memorial window. This window, which is sixteen feet in height, was made in London by the eminent firm of Clayton & Bell, who have been prominently identified with the revival of stained glass manufacture in the last thirty years.

The entrance hall merges directly into the public delivery and reading rooms, commanding a view, practically, of the whole interior of the building. The trustees' room opens from it on the left, the dimensions of which are 21 by 25 feet. It is amply lighted by five windows in a great circular bay upon one side, opposite which is a fireplace of marble and encaustic tiles, and a mantelpiece of ample proportions, of solid oak with Ionic columns and enriched entablature.

The public reading room, 20 feet in width by 52 feet in length, is 26 feet in height. This is divided into two parts by columns and arches separating the delivery from the general reading room. Similar arches separate it from the stack room, which is a rectangular apartment 30 feet by 36 feet and 26 feet in height. The librarian's room is a smaller apartment, 13 feet 4 inches by 14 feet 8 inches, lighted by an exquisite leaded oriel window and furnished with recessed bookcases and having communication with a burglar proof vault 4½ by 8 feet with metal compartments and shelving.

The reference reading room is situated on the east side of the building and is 21 feet 8 inches in length by 20 feet in width. The interior wall surface of the entire story to a height of about 11 feet, is lined with pressed brick laid with

fine joints, above which is a richly decorated entablature of Keene cement. Above this the walls are treated in cement and plaster, as well as the ceilings, which are handsomely ribbed and paneled.

The decoration of the interior has been a matter of careful study for the architect and artist. The brick interior walls have been painted in oil with an elaborate diaper pattern of harmoniously blended colors. The modeling of the cement work and all carving of stone and wood has been executed in the very best manner from carefully studied designs and is interesting in detail, the mantel-pieces have friezes carved with emblematic figures and scrolls with inscriptions and the entablatures around the principal rooms decorated in high relief with escutcheons and garlands. The door and window pilasters are paneled with reproductions of famous Italian bas-reliefs, and, in fact, no pains have been spared to make even the minor details of artistic merit and value.

The architraves, columns, pilasters, entablatures and cornices have been painted in imitation of old ivory and the ceilings in warm, soft tints, making on the whole a combination of unusual richness and striking effect.

The memorial window which occupies the central position in the north front at base of tower and which attracts immediate attention on entering the hall, is a most interesting example of the glass worker's art and is divided into several compartments, the central one of which is a figure of the Muse of Poetry, whose features portray the likeness of her to whose memory the building was erected. In the upper central portion is a sitting figure of Shakespeare, while the subordinate compartments on the right and left are filled with conventional ornamentation and tablets bearing the names of the principal American poets.

The fittings of the library are particularly superior in the quality of materials and thoroughness of workmanship, and have been to the minutest detail specially designed for their respective places, and it has been the endeavor of the architect to make them the best of their kind and durable for generations.

The book-cases in the stack room are of steel, highly enameled and burnished, and so arranged that in case of a future increase a gallery may be superimposed to contain similar stacks.

The tables, delivery counters, book and magazine cases and furniture in the various other rooms have been specially designed for the place, and manufactured of quartered oak in the most thorough manner.

The construction of the building is fireproof, the exterior walls being of solid masonry, stone lined with brick upon massive foundations, and the beams of floors of steel with hollow brick arches, the only woodwork beneath the roof consisting of the door and window frames and the upper floors, which are of quartered oak.

The basement is accessible from the interior by an iron staircase from the stack room and by stairs in the circular tower. It is at present partially fitted up with rooms for newspapers and there still remains ample space for future extension in such departments. The boiler and coal rooms and the lavatories are in the extension at the rear. A large room has been fitted up in the tower for storage.

Both of the reading rooms have large marble and brick fireplaces and oak mantelpieces elaborately treated to harmonize with the general architectural treatment of the rooms. The librarian's room has a mantelpiece and fireplace of stone.

The exterior of the building is of granite with all decoration in terra cotta. The granite of the basement is from Stony Brook and the walls above are of Dedham stone similar to that used in Trinity church in Boston. The terra cotta is buff in color and highly ornamented. The roofs are of red slate and all metal work connected therewith of heavy copper. The oriel window in the librarian's room is an excellent specimen of copper work, moulded and repoussee.

The building was designed by Charles Brigham, architect, of Boston, in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and many of the models for detail in carving and moulded work have been selected from the best examples of that period.

DEDICATION.

DEDICATION.

All hearts throbbed in unison with gratitude and appreciation on the bright and beautiful morning of January 30th, 1893. A new light had indeed arisen for the citizens of Fairhaven, through the sanctified gift of the Millicent Library where were gathered on that day the family of Mr. Rogers, with the trustees, awaiting in solemn reverence the unveiling of the memorial window. A sweet and holy quiet seemed to prevail, as if the spirit of the fair maiden, now clothed in "celestial grace," had sent down upon earth her blessing in benediction. Prayer was offered by Rev. N. C. Alger. In response, the choir of the Church of the Messiah of New York rendered the Lord's Prayer by Mason. After which followed the

ADDRESS BY THE REV. J. M. LEIGHTON.

My Friends:—I am glad that in our gathering this morning I was asked to speak to you at this particular service, for a few moments, because of a few effectual words which could not be spoken upon any other occasion than this. Every event has a two-fold significance. On the one side its material significance, in the larger resources it opens up, and the larger opportunities it affords to all. On the other hand is its spiritual significance, the spirit which was behind it in its conception, the motives which prompted it, and which have

been wrought into it, and which have shaped its purposes. It is of this that I want to speak very briefly this morning.

The material significance of this beneficence will doubtless be fully dwelt upon at a later hour, therefore let us speak of its spiritual significance. It is a memorial. It is not simply a beautiful expression of practical interest: it is a work of art. It is not simply a place where we may come: it is the place in which the very spirit which was in and formed a part of the home life has been enshrined. And while this building has been erected, there has been built into it, love to all in the most tender phases which are entwined about the human heart.

I remember the plot of ground upon which this building stands, the house and the little garden, the trees which grew here, and the plants which bloomed in the soil, sending forth their fragrance to enrich the eye and gladden the heart of all who looked upon them. And I could almost wish that this plot of ground and all that it contained were as it once was, could you but have in your home the one to whom this building is dedicated. It is vain to wish, but who distrusts that Providence which working in ways different from ours, yet works through us to the glory, the good, and the larger uses of humanity. You I know will not share that wish with me, nor seek to recall the spirit which has found expression in a new life of power, strength, gladness, knowledge and love, as it could not before. And what is life for if it is not to pass into new forms and expressions for the good and the blessing of humanity, and in so doing, give our life in yet larger measure for the good of the world.

And I feel it is your wish that those who may visit this place in the days that are to come, will come not simply to a memorial, the result of artistic skill, but as to a sacred shrine which shall contain a living spirit; a spirit which shall be felt every time you come here; a spirit which shall welcome you every time you come; a spirit which shall speak to you of a life that is brighter, larger, more perfect and beautiful.

I do not know that I have more than this to say of the spiritual significance of this occasion. It is for you, and for

you only that I have said it. I have said it because I felt in my heart that you would realize the justice of it, which is this: Her spirit is in this place, and will remain in this place, to shed love, and hope, and power over all who shall come here.

The choir then sang "The Lord is my Shepherd" by Koschat.

Rev. Robert Collyer, the pastor of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, then spoke with great feeling as follows:

ADDRESS BY THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

I suppose some of you have read that lovely poem by Samuel Rogers, the poet of this good name, the Boy of Egremond, founded on a most touching story of what befel the boy, very near my old home in England, more than seven hundred years ago. He was out hunting with his hound held in a leash, and must cross the river where the waters run still in a deep chasm, over which an active youth may leap easily; but the hound held back from the leap, and the boy was drowned in the wild, tumbling waters.

And a shepherd was minding his sheep on the fell above, who saw him go down and rushed to the rescue, but it was too late; there was only the roar of the waters through the chasm, with no sign of the boy. He was the only son of his mother, as the tradition runs in the dale, and she was a widow, and the shepherd must hasten to tell her what he had seen; but his heart failed him when he came into her presence, and he could only say, "Lady, what is good for a bootless bene?" and she could only answer, "Endless sorrow!" for she knew that her boy was dead.

It is more than seven centuries ago, but still the story is told of the mother mourning for her son, and how at length she rose up and said, "Many a poor man's son shall be made rich by my poverty!" She was rich, this Lady Romilie, and of the royal blood, and gave of her great wealth to found the

abbey which stands in ruin near about a mile away from the chasm in the river. And from this abbey a very noble and beautiful life radiated over the wild land.

Holy men came there to live their life for God and their fellow men in the dale. They maintained worship and taught the youth. They were the wise and good farmers of those rude times, and read books, and stored them up in the library, and the lady's word came true, through seven centuries of time, that many a poor man's son should be rich, through her poverty. Then the time came when the monks of Balton must go their ways because they were true no longer to their sacred trust, as they had been in the early time. But the Church remained in the heart of the old abbey, and there I went to worship on a Sunday morning, last summer, in "The Chapel like a wild bird's nest." There still you find what lay deepest in the heart so full of sorrow; and as I listened I seemed to hear her voice blending with psalm and prayer.

And so I have thought of the story this morning, and how it has come true once more. The father, the mother, and the children in their sorrow and loss have said, "Fairhaven shall be rich, please God, through this good foundation in all the time to come; and the dear daughter of our hearts and homes shall be held in everlasting remembrance. She shall live and bring life and joy, inspiration and all the blessing this Library can compass far and wide, from this centre of light and reading." And when it is asked through the centuries to come, Why was this done? the records of the good foundation will be one with the tradition of the dale, far away, I first heard sixty years ago. It was done so that out of the deeps of a great sorrow joy might spring, and a new life out of death, while this Library remains to do its blessed work in the region all about your town.

The public dedicatory exercises were held in the afternoon in the Congregational Church. The audience which filled the building to overflowing was evidence of the enthusiasm felt by the townspeople. The church

was handsomely decorated with a variety of tropical plants. The exercises were opened by an organ solo, Notturno from Mendelssohn, by Mr. Frank Fruttchey. Rev. Oren L. Waters then made the following invocation.

INVOCATION BY REV. OREN L. WATERS.

All wise and ever blessed God, Father Divine. We pray Thee, upon this occasion, we call upon Thee for Thy favor. We pray Thee, that Thou wilt bless all the exercises of this hour, that Thou wilt consecrate all things to Thy honor and glory; that Thou wilt bless all that may be said and done today, with Thy favor and with Thy approval. We pray Thee to bless, to guide, and to help each one to remember this day as a memorial. May it be a blessing that shall go out in our town, that shall start from this time, and be a sweet incense to Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Bless, we pray Thee, by Thy almighty power, him who shall speak to us, and all that shall be connected with this service; and may such a blessing result from this dedication, that each one of us who have received, may be able to call the kind benefactor blessed. And Thy name shall have all the praise. Amen.

The quartette rendered Dudley Buck's Festival Te Deum and the church walls never before reverberated with grander tones of melody and never echoed such inspiring music.

Rev. Wm. Carruthers read the following scriptural passages.

SCRIPTURE READING. REV. WM. CARRUTHERS.

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed. Receive my instruction and not silver, and knowledge rather than choice gold.

Wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to her.

Counsel is mine, saith Wisdom, and sound knowledge: I am understanding: I have might.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver.

Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honor. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her.

She is a treasure unto men that never faileth.

Now I considered these things in myself, and pondered them in my heart, how that to be allied unto wisdom is immortality.

I awaked up last of all, as one that gathereth after the grape-gatherers; by the blessing of the Lord I profited, and filled my wine-press like a gatherer of grapes. Consider that I labored not for myself only, but for all them that seek learning.

The sacrifice of a just man is acceptable, and the memorial thereof shall never be forgotten. The memorial thereof is immortal, because it is known with God and with men.

Moreover, by the means of her I shall leave behind me a perpetual memorial to them that come after me.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall the people give thee thanks for ever and ever.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

Mrs. W. W. Thomas sang most impressively Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," followed by a prayer of dedication by Rev. Harvey B. Greene.

PRAYER OF DEDICATION BY REV. HARVEY B. GREENE.

Almighty God! Thou who art the same, yesterday, to-day and forever, we come before Thee at this time, we acknowl-

edge Thy loving kindness and Thy tender mercies. We pray Thee that Thou wilt give unto us as we are gathered here in Thy presence, a witness of Thy spirit. And God, we thank Thee, that Thou hast left us Thy witnesses of Thee. We thank Thee that in this word which we have heard, Thou hast told us of Thyself. We thank Thee, that all through the ages, unto the prophets of the Word, unto scribes, teachers and apostles, Thou hast revealed Thyself, and they have preserved for us in this Book of Books, the record of Thy will. We would thank Thee, that not only in Jewish and Christian nations Thy voice has been heard, but in all the nations of the world, in all tribes, and in all ages, Thou hast had Thy witnesses, inspired of Thee, who have spoken and guided men, dimly it may be, but onward and upward. And so we praise Thee at this time that we can know Thee, that we can call upon Thee, that we can feel Thou art ever our Father. We remember Thou hast said where two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou art there in their midst, and that to bless.

And God we thank Thee that Thou hast given us this country of ours, and as we look back into the past, and see its history in the last four hundred years since its discovery, we see in its fullness what was in the victorious landing; and we see, especially, in the landing of our fathers, here on the rocky shores of New England, Thy love and Thy wisdom. We thank Thee that our fathers came bringing with them the school-house and the church, the college and the library, and with these four institutions established at the beginning of our country, we have gone forward, ever increasing in wisdom and power until we are now the noblest and the best country of the world. We thank Thee for the age in which we live, as we look back into the past and see the mighty gain and the brief time for this great advance in things material and spiritual, we can see Thy work through all the ages to bring about Thy will.

And God, we thank Thee, that Thou hast moved the hearts of men whom Thou hast entrusted with wealth to give to us out of their abundance these institutions of learning, these

churches dedicated to Thy service, and these libraries. And we would thank Thee, especially, that Thou hast moved the hearts of some in our midst to give to us an institution which shall be a blessing to us all through the ages. We thank Thee it is a memorial building, though we are reminded of those from whom Thou hast taken her. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

And God, we pray Thee, that as we are dedicating this building set apart for Thy service, we may remember it belongeth unto Thee and Thy work. We pray Thee, that Thou wilt help us as a community to so use this institution as to find there help and encouragement at all times; to feel that we are not only getting knowledge, but are growing stronger as we grow in years; that we are learning from the lessons of the past and the present, how to live better and happier lives for the future.

Wilt Thou help each one of us in Thy presence, to find Thee here in Thy service. Wilt Thou help us to realize what it is to dedicate a building to Thy service, — not for ourselves alone, but for Humanity, for the glory of Thy coming kingdom here upon earth. And whilst this building shalt remain, wilt Thou watch over it, care for it, consecrate it, and help each one to realize what it typifies, that life has in it, all beauty and significance here upon earth. And may its work and influence be continued in ever widening channels in all lives, blessing the heart and doing its work in bringing about Thy kingdom here upon the earth. These blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior, our God, and our Redeemer. Amen.

The choir rendered a response. Mr. H. H. Rogers then spoke as follows:

MR. ROGERS' SPEECH.

The germ of the Millicent Library had its origin in the darkness of a great grief, and pressed its tendrils into our hearts through a little story that was told us of the dear girl

whose memory we adore and desire to perpetuate. The story was expressive of what was in her thoughts a few weeks before her death, and coupled with the love she held for books, there came to our children a common desire to erect a library in tribute to her memory. The suggestion was so pleasing to us as parents that it found a ready acceptance, and with a feeling of thankfulness to heaven for the blessings which would enable us to carry out the work, we undertook the charming task.

The development of the germ you have watched as time has been passing until it stands before you to-day in its completed form, prepared to begin, as we hope, a life of educational and pleasing purpose. We have tried to give the library an individuality in harmony with the character and personality, as we cherish them, of the loved one whose loss we mourn. If we have built better than was required by the measure of practical needs, it was because we were working to an ideal that we desired should stand for the best in worth and beauty.

On behalf of my children — and the feeling is shared by Mrs. Rogers and myself — I desire to thank you most heartily for the kindly spirit you entertain for the Millicent Library.

We all appreciate the friendly action of the town as expressed at the meeting on December 10, and the kindly spirit that prevailed.

We would publicly thank the Fairhaven Library Association for the generous gift of books and express our gratitude for like contributions from private individuals.

We are all growing stronger in reverence for the men and women who made the early history of the Old Colony, and cherish most sacredly everything that stands in evidence of their existence.

As the library has facilities for the safe keeping of valuable documents, and intends to encourage the preservation of historical manuscript, we have to ask that if you have a deed or letter relating to this earlier time that you would like preserved for the pleasure its examination will give the public, the library will gladly receive and care for it.

The future will reveal the good of the library, the purpose

of which is to promote education and good fellowship. We want it used. We want every man, woman and child, who is entitled to its privileges, to feel that it is in part his own property. We hope that everybody can find something to instruct and amuse.

It is our hope that all will be interested to give the largest possible circulation to the books, that the rooms will be freely used by the people, and that there will never be permitted to grow the feeling that it is intended for the few rather than for the many.

I am sure that the trustees who have been selected, as you must have observed, for local reasons, as well as for their characters and intelligence, have caught the spirit of our desires, and will conduct the library in the broadest manner, for the benefit of our entire community, including as well the "stranger within our gates," and such of our neighbors at the north, east and west of us as may compliment us by drawing on the good things that will be offered.

We can hardly expect that the library's influence will have the effect of interesting all our people, but it is our belief that as the years come and go the younger people particularly will become permanently attached to the library through finding it a source of pleasure and profit. Still, we are desirous of leaving nothing undone to induce an interest in the library by everybody, and that we may have the co-operation of our elders, they are to be favored by having the first opportunity of taking out books. To that end the hour between 9 and 10 o'clock on Wednesday will be reserved for those of our friends who will confess by their presence to have reached the allotted three score years and ten, and we hope they will show us through a full attendance of their interest, and that their blessings as a sweet benediction are offered for the Millicent Library.

At the close of Mr. Rogers' remarks, Miss Clara E. Stutsman sang, with exquisite grace and feeling, Sullivan's touching melody, "The Lost Chord."

THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into a perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

The audience then listened, with great interest, to Rev. Robert Collyer's address, which was as follows:

REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

CITIZENS OF FAIRHAVEN AND FRIENDS:—When I heard about the purpose of your old townsman and his family to found this free library in Fairhaven, I said on the impulse of the instant I should like to come down when it was opened and say some word touching the worth of such a gift to your town and the region round about.

But since then I have thought it was hardly fair to make such an offer, because you will see it would hardly do for a man born and raised in New England to say no to his minister, and so he had to say "all right," those two brief words which mean so much more when he says them than they do for some men, because they stand so true to his purpose to make it all right soon or late, though it may not be all right there and then all round.

So if the blame must rest anywhere for my taking the time of better and fitter men, it must rest on me, while I can only plead that I meant well by you then as I do now. It was and is still a good intention, and this has long seemed to me to be true that if the way to Sheol, as the term stands in our new version, is paved with good intentions, the saying should hold good about the way to Heaven also.

May I not say also that for one in this company I can feel all the more surely the worth of such a gift, because if it had fallen to my own lot to have the money to spare for it as one of the sons of Fairhaven, I am by no means sure that I should have had the heart to spend it in this wise and generous fashion, because those were words to be well weighed a man said to me once who was very rich, that it is hardly fair to expect those who have made a great deal of money will give a great deal also for this reason, that the hand which grasps is so apt to take the strength out of the other which ought to give, and so the result is what one might call a greenback paralysis, in

which the right hand does not know what the left hand doeth, because there is nothing to tell. So it is and has been with a great many who have grown rich, but here is the truth about the man you raised here and sent forth to seek his fortune and to find it, that he has made a noble use of both hands, as I know very well, keeping them strong alike for the gathering and the giving, or we should not be here to-day to witness this fair gift from himself and the household of the Rogers.

It is a name, I may say in passing, we find first in the old motherland in my own great County of York. It is a purely Norman name also, which is only found there after the Conquest, while mine is pure Saxon, and so I have imagined we may have been neighbors then as we are now, but I will not say friends, because I may have wanted to drive an arrow through him as he rode through the woods where we were burning charcoal, but if it was so I am glad I did not have the chance, because of this gift and for many a good reason beside.

A noble gift, I said, and all the more noble again because it does not come from dead hands which can hold on to their wealth no longer, but from living hands and strong to hold it if that was the deeper desire. It is told of a rich man in Scotland that he sent for his minister when he was on or rather off his last legs and said to him, "If I leave twenty thousand pounds to some good object, do ye think it will be counted to my credit when I get through doon here?" And the minister answered, "I do not feel sure about that, sir, but I think it is weel worth the expeeriment." I do not know what was done, but we do know what is done here, and now have this gift, for the good object has not had to wait for the givers to get through down here or to help along then and be counted to their credit in the great account. It has been done for the love of Fairhaven and for another love sweeter still, that the name of the dear daughter who rests now in Heaven may never be forgotten here, but may be remembered in perpetual benediction.

It is good to remember again how this gift falls into line with those of our home bred women far and wide, and with others who are not home bred, like my old friend Richard

Sugden of Spencer, in this State, who are founding these free libraries in their towns and making them range with our schools and churches and our town halls so to become the four square citadels of the homes and the Commonwealth wherever we find them. Here is the latest of them, but it will not be the last, and you, the citizens of Fairhaven, will have it in your keeping now and forever to make perfect so far your four square defence from ignorance and vice and crime. To help do this and to open a fountain full and free from which will flow the waters of life to help and bless those who thirst for whatever good books can give us and at the same time to help create the thirst.

For as I have had to notice when I was wandering through the wild green lands in the Summer, how I would not feel especially thirsty until I came to some deep clear spring, but then I would stop and drink to my heart's content. So I think these fountains of knowledge and inspiration will help to create the thirst they can so well allay while still we shall keep on drinking in answer to their perpetual invitation. And so this is the supreme worth of the gift as it comes home to a life long lover of the treasures which will be stored in this library, and who knows well what the longing must have been and the blessing which came to meet his desire who sang a good three hundred years ago:

"Oh for a book and a quiet nook
Either indoor or out;
With the green leaves whispering overhead
Or the street cries all about.
Where I may reade all at my ease
Both of the New and Olde,
For a right good booke wherein to looke
Is better to me than golde."

For I must speak now from the centre first of all as such a lover, and tell you what a little maiden in our home long ago used to call a truly story, of a visit I made many years ago and the first I made to my motherland. It was twenty-seven years after I had left the old roof tree to do for myself while my family had gone to live in a great town the year after, so that

the place where I had grown up to be a boy of fourteen seemed to be very far away. But we who are well on in years know what a boy's memories are, and so I said to the dear old mother, who had been long a widow, "Let us go and see the old place once more and the old neighbors who are left." But this was not all. I wanted to wander through the green lanes again and over the wild pastures and down by the bonnie brown river. To find a throstle's nest again I had left in a holly bush twenty-seven years before, and a trout I knew of but could never capture in a cool, shadowy reach of the water, and to drink at an old well because there was no water so sweet to me in all the world, as I had often told my children; sweet to me it was as the water in the well of Bethlehem, hard by the gate, was to the psalmist and king in the old time.

Well, I found the bird's nest in the holly bush and a trout in the shadowy reach of the water. The rascal shook his tail at me as if he would say, "No you don't, old man, I know you like a book," while the well was there still, of which I took a mighty draught, and when I had got my breath began again.

And one day as I wandered through the land dreaming dreams, I saw a small boy of five or six years who was feeling very good about something he held in his hand. It was a penny, but where he got it Heaven only knows. There was a small store near by and he was looking through the window at some jars full of candy, but then there were some small books there also, price one penny, and he was evidently at odds with himself what he should buy. So he stood there for quite a spell and then went in and came out again with a book he sat down on the sunny bank to read. It was Whittington and his Cat, that lonely child's romance, and I noticed it set him dreaming of a wonderful world far away over the moors. It was the first book he had ever bought, and he is an old man now, but it is still so dear to him and true that when I went with him up Highgate Hill above London last Summer, I noticed he was looking for the stone on which little Dick sat down and heard the bells ring him back again to be thrice

Lord Mayor of London, and he wants nobody to tell him the story is not true because he knows better. I have kept track of that small boy, we always meet when I go over and dream about the old times. They sent him to school until he was about eight years old, where the teacher tried to find the springs of knowledge in him as those who have the gift to try the springs of water with a hazel rod. Then an infernal old bell began to ring him into his work in a factory at six in the morning where he stayed until eight in the evening, and a miserable time he had, but at noon and after work hours he devoured all the books he could lay his hands on. One man lent him Shakespeare. He read it right through and then began again. Another lent him Burns, and how that great singer of the people did storm his heart and set him singing, "Scots wha ha wi Wallace bled," and "A man's a man for a' that," to tunes of his own invention. He got hold of Bunyan also and the ever dear Robinson Crusoe, and many an hour he spent on the enchanted island as he minded the spinning frames, eating those delicious grapes, the best in all the world to this boy who had never seen a bunch then or for many a year after, and so I wonder whether the grapes we do not eat are not always the best.

This was the boy I see when I go wandering through the green lanes and by the river. He seems always to have a book in his hand or under his arm, even when he goes after the birds' nests he never robbed, for that was the good home law.

Then he has to do for himself away from his home and has a rather sad time of it again, but the books tide him over it and shoot golden threads of joy through the years. There was no library to ransack like this the children and youth will have now in Fairhaven; he must read what he could borrow, but he always returned them, and was not what the good Sir Walter Scott used to call a good book-keeper but a bad accountant; I feel quite sure of that. This was all away back among the thirties and forties and he is an old man now with a church on his hands and heart in a great city he must care for the best he knows. But when he thinks of those times

and that eternal hunger he says to me when we go over the old days together, if I could only have had all the schooling and all the books I wanted to nourish the big busy brain I inherited from my mother, I might have done something I have greatly failed to do because it is true, as wise old Sam Johnson says, that the earlier years of our reading are worth all the years beside in a man's life. Now this is to me the first boon within this gift. Books are far more abundant now over here than they were then over there but scant and scarce in many a home like that in which my boy was raised, while here in Fairhaven and beyond her borders you will raise just such boys and girls to match them, you can be just as sure of this as that the sun shines in the heavens. They will be saying to another purpose what I notice you are apt to say down here when some wonderful thing is told you, "I want to know." They will want to know, and here in this library they will find their answer in a far nobler fashion than the boy and young man could whose story I recall now and then with a sort of pathetic pity. The myself as you will have guessed, but so curiously another self, that I seem to stand apart and watch him with that book in his hand he bought with his own penny and then through all the years until he crossed the sea to become an American citizen. They were the delight of the earlier years, they are still the delight of the later, and I think sometimes that

> "If I should ever win my home in heaven,
> For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,"

and should find no books there or what books stand for in this world, I may want to come back again and haunt a few libraries I know of, and this may be among them. So the youth in this region, with this inborn passion in them, will haunt this library while their life is in the morning tide and find the treasures here free as the water springs in the hills above you to slake their thirst, and then the time will come when those who live will see another worth beside this of the instant delight and satisfaction.

I have been mousing through the annals of Fairhaven to see

what you have been doing since the mother town of Dartmouth got a grant of these town lands from the Indians 240 years ago, and this is what I have found, open to correction if I am wrong. That you have maintained a sturdy and wholesome life on the land and the sea, and raised men you have a right to be proud of, men of action, who have held their own nobly and won a good place in the great world outside this area. And two noble artists you have raised here who have hidden the sunshine and shadow of your sea and shore and the sombre glory of the far northern seas in splendid pictures, Bradford and Swain Gifford; let me mention their names with love for the men and their work. But nature was their library and reading room, whose glory they have revealed to us; while I can find no man or woman here who has sung for the nation and the world, who has written a right noble book or commanded the nation to listen when they spake or caught at the common heart to help and inspire us through the wealth they have found as great students and scholars; yet I will venture the assertion that there has been no generation in the ten since these lands were touched by the spade and plough and these waters by your boats, in which you would not find bright and eager young souls who were saying "I want to know," but could find no ample way to knowledge. So I mind a Summer evening when I was walking with my friend, when we came to an old graveyard here and halted to look at it, while he recalled some old memories. And since then those lines in the great Elegy have touched me as I thought of what I heard then and saw:

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some breast pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,
> But knowledge unto them her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
> Chill penury represt their noble rage
> And froze the genial currents of the soul."

But who can guess what might have been the story of Fairhaven if this wealth of good books could have been yours,

when the thirst for what they can give us was running and reaming in the blood of some who sleep in the sadly neglected spot, and then who can tell what the blessing and fruitage of this library will be in the time to come. I cannot tell. I can only imagine how such eager young hearts will drink deep at the fountain opened to them here and then go away to find others of an ampler volume but no sweeter, or stay here quite content. And then I have dreamed how some will sing songs or write noble books which will make the world their debtor, or be teachers of fame in all the land, or men of an eloquence in the senates and the pulpits which will send their names ringing down the ages. And then the time will come when far away from this shore they will be asking where this man was born and raised, or this woman who has so touched the heart of the millions, and then they will come on pilgrimage to Fairhaven just to see the shrine. A dream, you say. Yes, I answer, but in some noble fashion it is sure to come true if you maintain well and truly this most sacred trust. But we may well ask once more if this is all, and I answer no. This is not an investment you will have to nurse and wait for the income in this fashion, it is an investment where you begin to draw the interest from this time forth when the waters of life begin to flow from this fountain and the wealth and worth will be for all young men and maidens, old men and children. Whosoever will may come and partake of these waters of life freely without money and without price, so run the terms of the gift and dedication.

So I have only spoken of the younger world for the hope which lies forever in its heart, but my own life from that day when the child sat on the sunny bank to this, when I am on my way to the seventieth mile-stone, has made this truth good to me, that to love good books as we love our homes and home land; this is one of the choicest blessings which can fall to our lot, while in the way of fame or fortune it is no great matter what we may gain beside, here is the choicest worth in their choice and good companionship.

The first time I read a good book, Goldsmith says, it is as if I had gained a new friend and when I read it again it is

as if I had met an old one, and John Herschel says, there is nothing like reading an interesting book if you have the taste for it and have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion of which it may be we have had enough. It may relieve the home of its dullness and sameness which so often leads some men to the tavern to their own hurt and their family's. It goes with a man to his next day's work and if there is anything in it above the idlest and lightest reading, it gives him something to think about beside his day's drudgery. Something to enjoy while absent and to look forward to with pleasure when he returns to open its pages again.

This was what I found while I was still bound to the hammer and anvil for twenty-one years here and in my mother land, and I can well understand the old Dutchman who said one page of the book he loved best cheered him more than ten bumpers of wine.

It was my dream in those times that some day I should have all the books I wanted, but this was not to be thought of then with a workman's wages, a house full of children and the dear mother who rests in heaven now, to look sharp after me and see that I did not spend beyond the line of pay as you go for the household needs. Still now and then I would spend beyond the margin and smuggle the balance in on the sly. And once I hid my prize, which had cost me half a dollar, under a bush in the garden all night, and a few days after when my guardian saw it on the shelf and said, Why father, where did you get that book? Oh! that, I answered, why I have had it some time, but I had to blush and so she found me out then or soon after.

And now the dream has come true up to this line that I have all the books I need, but I fear I never shall have all I want, because there is always another and another and I can say also, "These books I prize beyond my dukedom," for indeed it is true that I would not exchange them for some dukedoms I know of, if for the rest of my life I must read them no more. There they are the dear companions of so many happy years waiting for me when I get home. Books

like those dear Charles Lamb is thinking of when he says, "I am disposed to say a grace upon twenty other occasions beside my dinner. A grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a proper prayer to be said before the Faery Queen." These bring the grace we fail to say when we give them a noble and hearty welcome. And so there they will be waiting when I get home again, the dear companions and friends of so many years. My big Bible, the best of all books, and the commentary of good Matthew Henry I brought over the sea with me almost forty-three years ago. These and the stored inspiration and life of the old time and the new in many a priceless volume in which the poets sing to us who have sung since immortal psalms and songs were heard, and the wisest make us full of their choicest wisdom. The far reaching story of our human life is there in the republic and the mother land and then right round the world. And the noble story tellers will steal in this Winter on quiet evenings, for I dearly love a good story.

Scott will bring his ever fresh and endless charm, and George Eliot will be there "Free from the fickle and the frail," and she will tell me of Adam Bede and Silas Marner and I shall be as full of delight as ever when for the gold poor Silas buried in the floor and lost he finds the little child with the golden hair lying on the hearth-stone and the little child leads him back again to the faith he had lost in humanity and in God.

So they are waiting for me, the great shining company I cannot number or name, and here they will be waiting for you in far greater numbers and some choicer as my thought runs than those any of us possess. Tell me how many volumes this library will possess at the end of 1893, and then at the end of every century while you stand true to the charter. Just so many every man and woman within the circle of its benificence will have they may read. Tell me how many readers and I will tell you how many libraries, for the whole stands to each by primal right now as well as to all.

"These books are yours
Within whose silent chamber treasure lies,
Preserved from age to age more precious far
Than the accumulated stores of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The monarch hides in deep ancestral vaults,
These stores of wealth you can unlock at will."

So a very noble woman says we never call him fatherless who has God and his mother, and I would never call him friendless who has God and good books. The nourishment of the soul was the inscription carven over the entrance to the great library in Alexandria, which was founded almost 2200 years ago, and with more than an equal truth the inscription might be carven here. A taste for books, Gibbon says, has been the pleasure and glory of my life, I would not exchange for the wealth of the Indies. Lowell said at the opening of a free library in England, "Here you are admitted into the company of the saint and the sage, of the wisest and wittiest in their wisest and wittiest moments. Here you see with the keenest eyes and hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time. Do you love good society? Here is the best of all the centuries you can all have for the asking." It is only a word I can cite from such testimony where one might easily cite from this to midnight and their word would be as true as the Gospels, and I would have you lay such testimony especially to your hearts, who are about where I was fifty years ago when Burns had won my love with Bunyan and Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Irving and Longfellow in the old home nest, and Cooper, who told me the story of The Last of the Mohicans one Summer day as I sat on the ripe of the river, and almost persuaded me to be an Indian.

"A good book," Milton said, "is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured on purpose to a life beyond life," and well we may think of this, and be sure that the sweet and sunny-headed maiden in whose name this gift is given will live not only in the blessed Heavens; she will live in this Fairhaven also so long as this foundation remains with its bounty of good books, because it is by living hands,

as I said, the gift is given for her dear sake first and then for yours, and her living hands will be forever busy here touching the sacred gift.

In our grand Cathedral of York I love so to visit still, there is one window of rare beauty and grace they call the Five Sisters. And the tradition still lingers there that it is a memorial window done in loving memory of one who was taken while the four were left, so that the thing of beauty should be a joy forever to those who stood within the sacred love so beautiful, that a stern old Puritan I knew long ago came there and whispered to a friend, "This might have been done by the angels." And when I go there I love to stand a while in the light of the Five Sisters to muse and wonder who they were and what emotion lay in the heart of the four who were left to move them to so sweet and fair a purpose. What tears fell long since forgotten where there are no more tears as they sat together in their home and said, what shall we do for her dear sake? and what joy touched them when the work was done and was ready for the gift and dedication. The old time touches the new. It is the old story in a new guise. The sisters and the brother, the four that are left, said, we will do this for her dear sake, and then I think a ripple of pure joy was born in the beautiful purpose, nobler and better still than that which was done five hundred years ago. The good name is forgotten now, only the deed lingers in the dim tradition and the memorial window. But this household will not be forgotten in Fairhaven or these whose hands and hearts lie within this which has been done. The name will be a household word and the story will be told at the fireside in your homes, as my faith stands, centuries after we have all vanished who are here on this happy day. The lovely lights will steal through the memorial window, and they will look on the presence so sweet and fair and say it was done for her sake, the maiden who was with them but a few years and then was translated so that she should not see death, for her sake and for ours.

Following Dr. Collyer, Mr. T. Kelley Cole sang grandly "The King of Love my Shepherd is," by Gounod.

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

HENRY W. BAKER.

The king of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed
But yet, in love he sought me
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never,
Good shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

Mr. George H. Tripp then spoke in behalf of the people of the town, as follows:

GEORGE H. TRIPP.

Opportunity for youth, advice and assistance for manhood, recreation and solace for old age; that is what a library means, and the dedication of such an institution in our town means all this and more.

One of the best collections of minor poems in our language was called by the editor the Golden Treasury, and Golden Treasury is a most fitting name to give to any collection of the world's great writings. The wisdom of all ages, the knowledge and experience of mankind are contained in these printed pages, which embalm the thoughts, acts and maxims of generations past and present. If we can say with the Old Testament poet, that "the price of wisdom is above rubies, the topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold," we do not over-shoot the mark when we call our library a golden treasure-house.

There are two main purposes of a library, each important. Books are a necessity and a luxury. There is a practical, utilitarian purpose, and an æsthetic. A collection of books is often most necessary to those who least appreciate their want. They are frequently the practical workman's best tools. If Dame Experience is the best teacher, books are her diaries, in which she sets down her rules and records.

Said Ruskin: "If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it you can hear of." Every trade, every calling has its literature. Leaders in every craft have written their experiences, and all can profit from them. Each advance in science makes a further specialization, and books and papers follow in every branch of every subject.

Literature is the prerogative of no school, no art, no occupation. It is intensely democratic. As you walk among the books in our library you will find something to help you directly in your every-day work. It would take the research

of a lifetime to discover unaided what fifteen minutes in a library will reveal.

It may seem humiliating to our pride, but we are infinitely dependent on ready-made knowledge. In a nobler way, what machinery and human ingenuity have done in the mechanical world, recorded experiences in books have done for the mental world of all labors and occupations. We are emphatically the "heirs of all the ages," and in coming to our heritage, we must depend on the results acquired by those who have travelled the road before us. The march of progress must not be arrested and set back with each new generation! No step backward! The child is father of the man, and the child of all preceding fathers since time began. There is an advance in the inherent intellectuality of each succeeding generation. What were studied out by years of toil have become almost the intuitions of youth, and these progressive experiences have been recorded.

No one man, no one generation ever perfected a great invention, or made unaided a great discovery. Not Columbus alone discovered America, nor Newton gravitation, nor Watt made the steam engine. Every great mind, every great book before that time had its part. "Books," said Montaigne, "are the immortal children of the brain." Their influence never dies.

There has been a feeling that a well-read person was unpractical. But every business is dependent on the head as well as the hand. Brain and brawn must work together. Again one says: "I want to read the book of nature. The printed page has no charms for me." But nature withholds many secrets from the untrained eye. The naturalist, truest and most loving of all admirers of nature, is he whose eye has been trained and senses quickened by study of other nature-lovers before him. He it is who by study and exact knowledge appreciates the full scope of nature's plan, who finds "books in the running brooks," aye, and reads them too. Said Wordsworth, "Dreams, books are each a world, and books we know are a substantial world, both pure and good."

What opportunity a library affords! Has one a special

history. Who has not? How much depends on the initial impulse in the formation of character and the determination of life work. Often the reading of a single book has directed the current of a lifetime. What may not be accomplished by some youth of this town whose mind shall be turned towards natural history, electricity, or some kindred branch of science by reading a book in our library. One book invariably suggests another, and the electric circuit is completed. Why cannot some naturalist be in training in our midst who will confer distinction on our town, as did Gilbert White on the obscure village of Selborne. Here is the opportunity!

Books allow an opportunity for travel, unhampered by luggage or time tables. We can converse with the greatest minds of all ages in their books. We here have the best part of them. Better the conversation, advice, poetic inspiration and lordly teaching of Johnson, Milton, Bacon, than the pedantry and egotism, or the selfishness, or the meanness and treachery displayed in their living persons. We can lay them aside when we wish; we can call them again at our desire. We can question them and converse with them in dishabille with the unconventionalism of the telephone. We can taste, swallow, chew and digest as our mental appetite demands.

An hour's reading a day in a few years would grasp the books that have moved the world. You will find certain books mentioned in every list of the best works. There must be some reason for including Shakespeare, Homer, and Dante in every collection of the world's masterpieces. Says Emerson, "How much you would impoverish the world if you could take clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare, and Plato, these three, and cause them not to be. See you not how much less the power of man would be?"

There is an æsthetic side that is not so well appreciated. Though the "life is more than meat and the body than raiment," it has taken the world thousands of years to discover that there is an economic side to beauty. The sheen of the butterfly's wing, the fragrance of the flower and beauty of its coloring have a direct and immediate value in the perpetuation and welfare of the species. Even Puritan New England

has now awakened to the fact that the sinful and fatal gift of beauty is only sinful or fatal to those who do not rightly appreciate it. So, in a beautiful building and beautiful books, expressed in elevated language, there is something tangible and helpful, an inspiration which can be felt and partly measured. A landscape or brilliant sunset may be grand, even sublime, but the mind that appreciates their glory, that swells at the sight and is moved to loftier aspirations, whether able to express the emotion in speech or not, is more sublime. Man seems insignificant when compared with material nature, but mind is king, and one is as directly from the hand of God as the other.

The character of a civilization is best tested by its monuments and memorials and by the use made of accumulated wealth. Four thousand years ago kings built obelisks and pyramids to commemorate their personal triumphs and to serve as burial places for their race. The inscriptions on these massive monuments record petty triumphs of the chase and the camp. These have remained even to the present; through convulsions and revolutions these idle monuments of tyranny and personal prowess are left standing, though the largest literary collection of antiquity, the Alexandrian Library, was destroyed. Who dares say that the world has not advanced since then? Now intellectual progress and material go hand-in-hand. Art and science advance together. The pyramids, which took the unpaid labor of 100,000 men for twenty years, could with machinery be duplicated in one-fifth the time with the well-paid labor of a few hundred men; but, better than all, no sane man of the present would think of building such useless monuments. Instead, this day sees a beautiful temple of art erected in our midst for the sole benefit and unrestricted use of the people, that unregarded factor of the past, the potent and always-to-be-recognized element of the present. A building like this, dedicated to such a purpose, were impossible before the nineteenth century.

It is with heartfelt appreciation that the citizens of this town accept the building and the library which it enshrines. We consider that it makes a notable epoch in our town's

history. We cannot fitly express our sense of the delicacy and consideration which has shown an undying affection and embalmed a sister's memory in such a noble and princely benefaction. It is an honor to the town and a credit to humanity. We can best show our appreciation of the gift by using it well, and as a guide we can do no better than study and follow the advice of England's greatest prose-poet Ruskin, who said: "Books have been written in all ages by the great men, great leaders, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your choice and life is short. Will you go and gossip with the housemaid and stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens? Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble and you shall be. Do you long for the converse of the wise? Learn to understand it and you shall have it. They will not stoop to you. You must rise to them."

Rodney's "Calvary" was most feelingly sung by Mr. W. W. Thomas.

CALVARY.

The pilgrims throng thro' the city gates
While the night is falling fast;
They go to watch by Calv'ry's hill
E're the twilight hours are past;
Though dark be the way with the eyes of faith
They gaze on his cross above;
And lo! from each heart the shadows depart,
As they list to his words of love.

"Rest, rest to the weary, Peace, peace to the soul;
Though life may be dreary Earth is not thy goal.
O lay down thy burden, O come unto me,
I will not forsake thee, though all else should flee."

Far, far away, o'er the dream of years
They hear the voice of the King,
"Where, O Grave, where is thy victory,
And where, O Death, is thy sting?"
Captive he leads them forever more,
While weary pilgrims rejoice;
For looking on high to the cross he bore,
The faithful shall hear his voice.

"Rest, rest to the weary, Peace, peace to the soul;
Though life may be dreary Earth is not thy goal.
O lay down thy burden, O come unto me,
I will not forsake thee, though all else should flee."

Rev. Wm. P. Macomber of the Friends Society pronounced the benediction.

The exercises closed with an overture from Baptiste by Mr. Frank Frutchey, and the congregational hymn "Old Hundred."

The audience were then invited to inspect the Library, and adjourned *en masse* to that building. Exquisite orchids and roses decorated the rooms; they were watched and tended by skilled hands, blooming for this day of all others, and were tendered as a tribute of affection by a devoted friend. The sun descended upon a proud and eventful day for Fairhaven.

The Millicent Library is stored with ten thousand volumes, embracing what is best in the English language, and this store will be constantly replenished until it becomes a repository of all that is valuable in literature. "Life without literature is death," said a great author, and in this munificent gift of the

Millicent Library, we have the broadest and most ennobling incentive constantly before us to lead upward and onward to higher aims and achievements,— a foundation upon which the soul may build an edifice of strength and endurance; an inspiration, awakening and directing the young toward fair and noble deeds in the years to come,— as fair as the memory of the sweet spirit which will be enshrined forevermore in the hearts of the people of Fairhaven, and for whom this noble structure will stand steadfast through all time, as a tender memorial.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

"Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."